

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my Countrymen, my louing friends,  
As were our England in reuersion his,  
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

*Gr.* Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:  
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,  
Expedient manage must be made my Liege  
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes  
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.

*Ric.* We will our selfe in person to this warre,  
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,  
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,  
We are inforced to farme our royall Realme,  
The Reuennew whereof shall furnish vs  
For our assayres in hand: if that come short  
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke charters:  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants:  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

*Bushy.* what newes?

*Bu.* Old *John of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,  
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste  
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.

*Ric.* Where lyes he?

*Bu.* At Ely house.

*Ric.* Now put it (heauen) in his Physicians minde,  
To helpe him to his graue immediately:  
The lining of his coffers shall make Coares  
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.  
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late. *Exit.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.*

*Gau.* Will the King come, that I may breath my last  
In wholsome counsell to his vnslaid youth?

*Yor.* Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your brel,  
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

*Gau.* Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men  
Inforced attention like deepe harmony;  
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,  
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.  
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,  
Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,  
More are mens ends mark'd, then their liues before,  
The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close  
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past:  
Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,  
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

*Yor.* No, it is slopt with other flatter ring sounds  
As praises of his state: then there are found  
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound  
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen,  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation  
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,  
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares:

That all too late comes counsell to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
Direkt not him, whose way himselfe will choose,

Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

*Gau.* Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,

And thus expiring, do foretell of him,

His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,

For violent fires soone burne out themselves,

Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,

He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;

With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming meanes soone preys vpon it selfe.

This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile,

This earth of Maiesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demy paradise,

This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,

Against infection, and the hand of warre:

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,

Which serues it in the office of a wall,

Or as a Moate defensiu to a house,

Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,

This Nurse, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,

Renowned for their deeds, as from home,

For Christian seruice, and true Chiuallrie,

As is the sepulcher in stubborn *Tury*

Of the Worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.

This Land of such deere foules, this deere-deere Land,

Deere for her reputation through the world,

Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)

Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.

England bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious fledge

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.

Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,*

*Baget, Ros, and Willoughby.*

*Yor.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,

For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Qu.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

*Ri.* What comfort man? How list with aged *Gau*?

*Ga.* Oh how that name befits my composition:

Old *Gau* indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,

And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.

The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens looks,

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,

Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

*Ric.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

*Gau.* No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:

Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

*Ric.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?

*Gau.* No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.

*Ric.* Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatterst me.

*Gau.* Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

*Ric.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

*Gau.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,

Thy death-bed is no lesse then the Land,

Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,

And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,

Commitst thy anointed body to the cure

Of those Physicians, that first wounded thee,

A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,

And yet incaged in so small a Verge,

The waste is no whit lesse then thy Land:

Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,

Seene how his sonnes soone should destroy his sonnes,

From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,

Depositing thee before thou wert posselt,

Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.

Why (Cousine) were thou Regent of the world,

It were a shame to let his Land by lease:

But for thy world enjoying but this Land,

Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King:

Thy state of Law, is bondslau to the law,

And—

*Ric.* And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,

Presuming on an Agues priuledge,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheekes, chafing the Royall blood

With fury, from his natieue residence?

Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,

Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

*Gau.* Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne,

For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:

That blood already (like the Pellican)

Thou hast rapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.

My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule

(Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy foules)

May be a president, and witnesse good,

That thou respectst not spilling *Edwards* blood:

Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,

And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.

Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,

These words heere after, thy tormentors bee.

Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,

Leue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*

*Ric.* And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,

For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

*Yor.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words

To wayward sicknesse, and age in him:

He loues you on my life, and holds you deere

As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

*Ric.* Right, you say true: as *Herfords* loue, so his;

As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*Yor.* My Liege, olde *Gau* commendeth him to your  
Maiestie.

*Rich.* What?

*Nor.* Nay no

His tongue is no

Words, life, and

*Yor.* Be *Yor*

Though death be

*Rich.* The ri

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*Yor.* How lon

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Oh *Richard*, *Yor*

Or else he neuer

*Rich.* Why

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*Yor.* Oh my

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The Royalties a

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Was not *Gau*tes

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*Ric.* Think

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*Yor.* He not